

i kept telling

jerry not to fuck around  
w/the 22 revolver but  
the whiskey was more  
convincing & it went down  
easy i was afraid he  
was going to shoot one  
of his father's horses  
he'd already sent a  
couple slugs thru the  
big sorrel's legs he  
liked to see it run &  
the way we passed that  
bottle back & forth was  
like being in a western  
movie till jerry aimed for  
a fly on his pants leg  
& put one in his calf then  
he danced in the grass &  
the blood went all over  
but he couldn't stop  
joking he stuck a cigar  
ette in the wound to give  
it a smoke